

V. 11, no. 3

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—the MOUNTAIN—

ECHOES

Jan. - Feb.



the MOUNTAIN ECHOES

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STIR TISTICS:

High Number	- - - - -	8502
Low Number	- - - - -	4739
Received	- - - - -	20
Transferred In	- - - - -	1
Transferred Out	- - - - -	1
Discharged	- - - - -	12
Paroled	- - - - -	3
Escapes	- - - - -	0
Population	- - - - -	484

Guest Editorial

THERE ARE WAYS

John McMullen

A man leaves part of himself behind when he first enters a prison. Inside our prisons are people from every walk of life and from every segment of society. Time spent in prison is rarely wasted, for nearly everyone exposed to such dismal routine, finds some method of escaping it. The adage that idle time is lost time, becomes in prison a startling reality. The modes of escape are various. Some lose themselves in hobby crafts. Others, without the financial means, involve themselves in every sport available. Others spend their time in pursuit of knowledge that will aid in their complete rehabilitation.

The Dept. of Veterans Affairs have provided many correspondence courses, which are vigorously taken advantage of. Trade guidance is provided for those inmates who are sincere in their desire to better themselves. This, to the observer, would seem the most popular method of profiting from an unpleasant experience. However, all is not rosy for the ex-convict who applies himself to his trade, for upon his release, he usually experiences much difficulty in securing employment in his chosen vocation. Combine with this difficulty the immense problem of having to make his own decisions and the sudden reality of having to think for himself, small wonder the recidivist rate is high. As often happens, job qualifications are not the only criterion, as who can truly blame a prospective employer for not desiring to hire a man who possesses a damaging past, and an unpredictable future?

If the record is to speak for itself, then would it not be fair to present the prospective employer with the complete record? If said employer were to be assured that the ex-convict diligently applied himself in a total effort to better himself during his sojourn in prison, I should think that this would serve to balance the scales a bit, in his favor.

The sincere ex-con doesn't want pity. All he wants is the opportunity to take his place in society. His abhorrence of prison should be self-evident in his efforts to better himself. He claims this only as a self-respecting citizen who has fallen and desires to fall no more.

He did not serve time. TIME SERVED HIM.

NEWS BRIEFS

Sam Harris Headlines Show:

The Showtimers, a group of entertainers from Winnipeg, showed up here at the Mountain with a variety of acts that brought a lot of applause from a hard to please audience. For the first time the Charleston and the Can Can were danced on our stage.

M.C. of the show was Cece Partington, who did a very good job. Entertainers were Kurt & Neils with a Calypso routine and some Western songs, Sandra Murray doing a Baton routine and the Can Can, the very popular Sam Harris with songs and jokes, Barbara Russel who sang and danced the Charleston, Bill Connors with his banjo, and John Cullabine with some songs. A very good show. Thanks from all of us here, and come back soon.

/ / / / /

Committee Men Elected:

In the largest turnout of voters ever, the inmates of this institution once again selected a new Sports Committee. The results, as shown below, show that all were interested in their representatives and gave them their support.

In office for the next year are; Bob Barber, who polled an unheard of 372 votes. As fellow Committee men he has Al McPherson (245), and Russell Smith (186). In the case of any of them resigning or getting a Parole, (Huh, not likely) there are three other candidates ready to take their places. They are; Art Howk (156) Ron Duncan (138), and Louie L. (111).

Let's all give these men the support they need and have been promised by the voters. Good luck to them in their term of office.

Valentines Greetings To All

THE STAFF

LEGAL LOGIC



Regina vs. One Hole in Blank Street

There is a story familiar to lawyers about the traditional workings of law.

Years ago, it was brought to the attention of the administrators of the City of London that a hole in the street had grown to dangerous proportions. The authorities decided to notify the owners to fix it.

By one of those odd chances that seem to occur only in England, a small section of the street in which the hole was located had no owner and never had one.

Whom to serve ?

The Sheriff's Solicitor finally and brilliantly decided that if no one owned the hole, at least the hole must own itself. Armed with process, therefore, a bailiff went out and made known to the hole that it should appear before the court on a certain date and there give cause, if any it had etc., or judgement.

On the appointed day, the case was called before three judges in wigs, but the hole failed to appear. Three times it was called, and in the corridor as well, but there was no answer, while justice waited.

Absence being established, judgement was given against the hole, and the municipal authorities went out and filled it up.

Ah, the due process of law !

..don't go downtown wednesday..

or

..a study in cause and effect..

or

..alright louie drop that ax..

by russell smith

when they take you from here they put you in a car and take you to the city
and let you out downtown i dont like it in the city i dont like cars the horns hurt
my head when they hurt my head i close my eyes and cover my ears i hate cars
the doctor man talked to me today the doctor man was mad and i heard him say
they wanted him to do the work of six and he didnt have the time the doctor man
talked to me but i didnt tell him about cars i smiled him and sat quiet the doctor
man asked me why i broke into the store and stole the ax they put me in here for
breaking into the store and taking the ax i smiled the doctor man but i didnt
tell him about the cars i hate cars once i was downtown and i saw the cars stop
someone was lying quiet and bleeding on the ground and everyone was standing
if someone lies quiet and bleeding cars stop the doctor man says i am going from
here wednesday they will take me from here to the city i dont like the city i
dont like cars they hurt my head i know when cars stop if someone lies quiet
and bleeding cars stop i know how to make someone lie quiet and bleeding i
wonder where i will find an ax

FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY!

John the Square



Proving that Marc Antony was a pretty hip kitty when he said: "The evil that men do lives after them..." Here come I to sound you, after I've made like I was never here. So, for Choo Chee who's slightest wish is my command, my very last Brown Derby. 999 999 999

Vince Marrese, and Ray Merasty copped paroles. (So help me, it's the truth!) And Ray says he intends to eat lunch at John Rafter's place on spring day... I don't dig the Pathfinder in its new form... 'Sawbuck' Lou. It wasn't like that. I was planting a seed. Don't know how much good it'll do, but it's a thought... Bill 'Boxcar' Boschman says Hi to Gil St. Dennis of P.A... Dale 'The Barber' due to a sudden parole, didn't get the chance to say goodbye to a lot of his friends. So he asked me to convey to all, his best wishes for a Happy New Year... Have you dug Taro Shikuro on tv?... Didn't Carver Shannon look like a Bum in the Grey Cup? He still can't turn those corners, but he sure used to be able to cut them...

Query to **Ron Shaw** of **Seagozette** formerly from around here. **What will you do for material when Jimmy Law of K.P's Telescope gets out...?** If you were wondering about our model in last issues discharge sequence, it was Ray Knight. The middle picture, bottom row, shows 'Citizens,' Stan Nash, Ray, Nick McDonald, and the 'sore thumb'd' Mayor of "Rat Portage," more widely known as Kenora (Allah Bless it!) Mr. Jim McCulloch... Hi! to 'Lil Richards, 'Muggs', June, and Dotty... Greetings to Dorothy & Chuck. Now isn't Ecorse bordered on the east by Outer Drive; the North by Jefferson Ave; and the South by Fort St?



I have heard that there is little good in goodbyes, but no one leaving one of these places will ever put any credence in that statement. A number of months ago, I overheard an idiot say to a guy who was about to be released, that he couldn't understand why anyone could get shook up over leaving prison because he'd been released so many times the novelty had worn off. What an asinine thing to say! Praise Allah that imbeciles like this are rare, for anyone who isn't ecstatic about regaining their freedom is in my opinion, extremely overdue at the Selkirk Puzzle Factory. Leaving prison isn't anything *but* good. It has its humorous aspects, like the time I was sitting in one of Toronto's finest movie theatres, and the projec-

tionist had the film slightly out of focus. Not having been 'out' more than a week, I forgot myself and bellowed at the top of my lungs: **"FOCUS!! FOCUS THE #!\$/&! THING!!!"** And then the 'darling' sitting with me jumped up and proceeded to flail my head with her purse for embarrassing *her!* The times I've got stoned on one bottle of beer; the time I fell asleep in a crowded, noisy bar at 11 p.m. However, getting back to the subject, nothing lasts forever, and at this instant I am enjoying my freedom. As this is the last time I'll be able to say anything in this magazine, I'd like to thank firstly, my Mother and Father, whose faith truly astounds me. Secondly, to Choo Chee, who went the distance, and for her kindness untold and devotion unmeasurable (telegrams in the middle of the night yet!) To the guys who made the Echoes tick: Don Hambleton, Ralph Danton, Joe Hayden, Donald Richardson, and Red. My best wishes to the new mob, Ron 'Sammy' Davis The Third. (dat's jezz!) and 'Silent' Gene Hutchinson.

I would also like to thank a number of people who helped me indirectly, for they helped others around me, thus enabling me to be in the company of happy people. I offer my humble thanks: To The Norwood Legion, for their many well enjoyed shows... To Arlene and Berks Baker, for their brightening of many dull hours, and especially for their acts of kindness towards another person... To Mr. Don Everette of Dominion Motors, for his generous donation towards the replacement of our lost hockey equipment... To Davie Fulton for disposing of those archaic visiting and letter writing rules...

To the many professional writers and publications who boosted our wretched efforts: Gene Telpner, Jack Wells, Ann Henry, Ross Munroe, Victor Murray, The Winnipeg Tribune, The Winnipeg Free Press, The Minnedosa Tribune, The New York Sunday News, and to Systems Printers of Winnipeg, and Bullman Brothers of Winnipeg, for their donations of vitally needed type...

To my many faithful friends who've kept in touch with me and made the long trek out here in all kinds of weather. To, Charlie Blair, Rick Henderson, Sonny Kirton, Cy & Joyce Williams, Jim & Pat Scott, Geri, Anita, Dorcas, Rosie, Yosh, Paul Brown, Mo, Rev. Mack, Jerry & Dee, Richie & Betty, and Ed Blackman.

Finally, I'd like to say, not Goodbye, but 'So Long' to my many 'lifer' friends here; Don Hambleton, Tony Sawchuck, George Mitchell, Billy Lavery, Rollie Evans, Gerard DeTonnancourt, Guy Ferragne, Claude Pacquin, Chick Watson, Frank Lexier, Jack Wannop, Billy Gunning, Red Saunders, and Ken Bevans. To these fellows who hold "open leases," I wish the very best in 1962, and hope '62 becomes *your* year.

To Randi Villiers, our magazines most loyal and ardent admirer; We'll be out to see you on Feb. 11th., but in the meantime I hope your recovery is imminent and that you too are "on the street" by the time this reaches you.

My humble thanks to the many patient readers who have tried to figure out my nonsense, and to my friends here.... 'Sayonara' **L7**

— LON CHANEY —

LAW AND JUSTICE

EDITOR'S NOTE—These comments, expressed by a great movie star, are not based on the reading of government reports on criminals. They stem from the study of crime and criminals, through actual contact with them. Lon Chaney's comments are just as applicable today as they were three decades ago when he expressed them.

Some years ago, in a picture I was making, we had occasion to use a number of lions. They were surly brutes, kept in check by fear of a trainer. His whip and prod were punishment for any offense—and the animals knew it. They feared him—**BUT THEY DIDN'T RESPECT HIM.** Whenever they saw a chance to claw or misbehave without being caught, they did so.

But the trainer's helper was a different matter entirely. His job was to feed the big brutes...to minister to their wants and comforts. For the little helper they had a genuine affection, and it was plain they were eager to please him. They didn't fear him—**BUT THEY DID RESPECT HIM.**

The human animal is exactly like the lion.

In digging up material for characters, I have, of course, had to meet and study practically every type of this human animal. I have watched the new generation grow up...a wilder generation, with hip flasks at high school parties, perhaps. I have heard reformers say that the new generation is going to the

dogs.

Not a bit of it! The human animal is just the same as ever before. And the reason the human race won't go to the dogs is that in every human being there is an inherent desire to be square. All that has to be done to the human animal is to be square with him...and he'll do the same.

There are sometimes exceptions—a warped idea of what the square thing is—maybe sometimes insanity. Illness complicates the matter. But such a case is a medical case, rather than one for the penologist.

Assuming then, that the desire to be square is inherent in man, let us consider man in relation to the law. Of course, laws are made to be obeyed. Punishment follows their infraction, if a law breaker is detected. That's the punishment idea—the same by which the lion tamer ruled his animals. You can't really govern the human animal that way. Educating the citizen in the duties of citizenship; and instilling in him a respect for the law, is the real solution.

And this brings us to a consideration of law. A prominent Chinese in San Francisco once explained to me that the reason his people handled their disputes through tongs rather than courts was that, "THE WHITE MAN HAS MUCH LAW BUT LITTLE JUSTICE."

To expect the citizen to respect a law that is obviously absurd, and usually the result of the agitation of a noisy minority, is expecting the impossible.

Intelligent lawmaking—and then education of the citizen, would go a long way toward solving many problems of today. Logical laws that the citizen could respect as his protection and bulwark—would mean much. In other words, if the law gives the citizen a square deal, he in turn will give the law a square deal.

So-called prison reform is, I think, a matter of the square deal. I have never met a prisoner who wanted to be coddled; in every case I have been told by prisoners I have interviewed that they were trying to take their medicine like men. But what they did want was a **LITTLE UNDERSTANDING**. In fact, in commenting on my screen roles, the outstanding view of the prisoners is that, no matter how bad I make a character, I try to show that always in the mental makeup there is a good side too.

I don't claim any credit for that. I'm just telling the truth. Nature's laws of balance are such that there are two minds in all of us, and which one gets the ascendancy—as a result of environment, necessity, or whatever underlying cause may exist, can never wholly submerge the other.

The man who runs afoul of the law deserves punishment—and he knows it better than anyone else. If he's misunderstood and mistreated, he resents,

not the punishment, but the fact that it's being "PILED ON THICK". In other words, what he resents is the fact that he's not getting a square deal. When he gets a square deal—he is satisfied to take his punishment without a murmur. And that's about the way a prisoner sees prison reform, I think.

Our prisons today are doing some very remarkable work in insuring good citizenship of men and women on release. For instance, in many cases prisoners are educated in trades, or through encouragement of correspondence courses, even in professions. This equips the prisoner to cope with the problem of a lawful living 'outside'. I think, too, that the warden can do a great deal for his charges, by convincing them that they can always get a fair play in his institution. And there is only one way to convince them—which is to see that they get fair play.

So, I think, the formula for better citizenship is a very simple one. For the citizen—sensible laws that he can respect; and education that will convince him of this fact. For the prisoner, **UNDERSTANDING** . . . realization that in him is the same human nature that we all have; education to enable him to cope with the outside problems on regaining freedom, and I think, a sensible use of a form of indeterminate sentence by which he can be returned to society as soon as properly equipped.

Law, after all, should be common sense.

When it ceases to be just that, it becomes a dangerous toy for the reformer, the agitator and the politician.

So, after all, the whole subject simmers down to a square deal.

+

Entertainment

at it's Best!



by R.J. Duncan

This year saw an innovation in the institution concert, in that the concert party was composed of both outside and inside talent, working together. This has been discovered, through the success of the venture, to be an excellent idea on the part of all concerned.

Now for the run-down. . .

To begin, the orchestra of **Len Mark** blasted off with a rompin' stompin' version of Basie's 'Jumpin' at the Woodside', which set the whole hall jumping.

Al Teague took over as Master of Ceremonies, and, may I say now that he performed this task with great skill throughout the entire show. He kept things moving at a lively pace with some very funny jokes and patter. (Sadie, the Good Sport)

The first performer was **Paul Palace**, who was so good that he could have been the last right there and we would have been satisfied. His 'Lazy River', complete with impersonations, was the end, man. And it *swung*. (Incidentally, he also had everyone's tongue hanging out over that fantastic red guitar. That's the prettiest we have seen. Plays well, too, under the nimble fingers of **Paul Palace**.)

This would have been one of the toughest acts to follow, but **Ken Peters** did it, and did it well. With the fine accompaniment of **Yvonne Hamblin**, playing 'Sweet Georgia Brown', he showed us more than we've seen in a long time, by almost dancing the stage right down through the floor. More about **Ken** later.

The **Teague Brothers**, **Al** and **Gus**, followed, playing two marvelous accordian numbers. Just imagine one excellent accordianist, multiply him by two, and you have this act. These guys are terrific.

Now, we had our own **Jim LaRiviere**. A tremendous voice. That's all you can say about this boy. With a little training, this guy could make it anywhere. (Of course, he also hipped us to where we could get some fried chicken, but I'm afraid there's a rather large door between us and the chicken.)

Then, wonder of wonders, the Four Stonecrushers, Monty on bass, Wally on guitar, Kenny on drums, and Sam on piano. Their first number was 'Caravan' on which Wally played a real outside-style jazz guitar solo. Then, while Wally rested, Sam took the lead on 'C-Jam Blues' (we like Ellington here) with the boys in the band blowing choruses. Both numbers were great, although this writer hasn't seen Sam play sober before.

For a change of pace, and putting us in the real spirit of the day, Monty sang 'White Christmas'. I could go on for a long while on how pretty this was.

Now, Ken Ducharme, tearing down the house with 'When You're Smiling' and 'Lonesome Road'. A real swinger. They tore the roof offa' the joint.

At this point, Len Mark and the band blew 'Muskrat Ramble' every way but sideways, with everybody blowing a chorus and a tremendous ending, or rather, several tremendous endings. (cow-bells, yet). Tough. . .

Ken Peters returned now, again demonstrating his talent for tap-dancing by dancing to the sole accompaniment of drums, a la Little Buck. This was just the greatest, that's all. And, for good measure, Gord Jackson threw in a drum solo that included everything but the elbow bit. A terrific dancer and a top drummer.

Now, for many, the feature part of the show, with Cyril Sinclair and the Stony Mountain Boys giving us a whole passel of tunes calculated to make the feet move, which they did. They did indeed. The act also featured two fine songs by Blackie Pelletier, and two by Cyril. But that 'Orange Blossom Special', man, what can you say?

Ken Ducharme back now. This time with his little wooden friend, Sammy. Very good and very funny. Including a few well-timed shots at some people we know. (I understand that Sammy appeared only through the generosity of some Xmas-minded bandits in the Dorm, who were willing to forfeit the ransom money so that the men could see him in the concert. Thank you, fellas. I hereby pronounce you rehabilitated, and you are free to make a payroll. (I mean, *Parole!*).)

Blake Benjamin, now, treating us to a fine version of 'Poor People of Paris', on the electric organ. A pretty tune, well done.

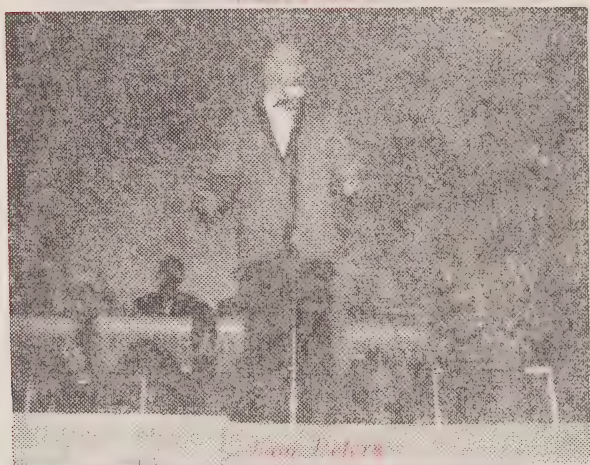
We were now astounded to see one of the most beautiful women we have ever seen (depending on how long you've been here) when the Teague Brothers (?) came on like Prima and Smith in two of the most hilarious numbers anyone could ever do. I know a few people who could use those balloons, Gus. Although it's obvious that *you* need 'em, too.

Jim LaRiviere returned, now, singing 'Rags to Riches' and 'You'll Never Walk Alone'. Singing like this, he'll never walk alone, that's a cinch.

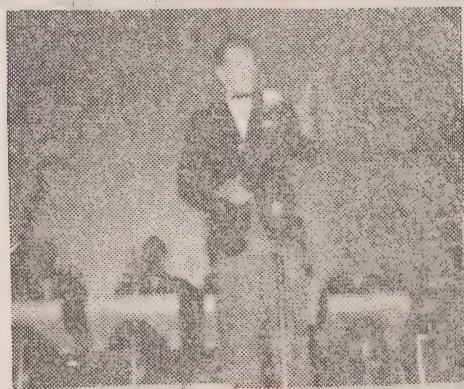
Now, the top act of all. Don Peters, with the Shadows, and Yvonne Hamblin. Don began the set with a beautiful rendition of 'Autumn Leaves'. He then proceeded to tear us up with 'The Saints'. Along with the Shadows (Roy Brophy, Dan Brophy, and Marcel Boissoneault), he then treated us to great versions of 'Down By the Riverside' and two well-known Christmas songs. This whole act was sensational.



Frank E. Miller



John Peters



Jim Lullgren

Mr. Hancock, the Recreation Officer, then thanked Don Peters and the rest of the concert group for putting on such a fine concert. Mike Kohut presented Don with a Christmas present from the boys; Don responding by congratulating the inside group of the concert and wishing us all a Merry Christmas.

Before anything else, I would like to list the band personnel. They were: Trumpets - Dick LeBleu, Merle Johnson, Trombone - Rod Johnson (my boy), Tenor - Bob Spilchuck, Guitar - Jim Horton, Drums - Gord Johnson, and Len Mark, piano and leader. I would also like to thank the band on behalf of Monty and Sam, for letting them sit in. It was a real kick for both boys, believe me.

The thanks of the whole institution go out to all these people for coming out here on the Eve of Christmas on their own time, and giving us a wonderful afternoon. A special thanks is due the Teague Brothers, who gave up two bookings to come out here and entertain us. A fine gesture, long remembered.

Now, Don Peters asked me not to thank him publicly for this, since he feels he should not receive publicity for what may be termed charity. I told him I would certainly not do that, but, since I am such an awful liar, (I'm not here for singing too loud in church, you know) I am now going to thank him, and publicly, too.

Don not only came out for the concert, but gave up many of his evenings to come out to the institution and help in the organization of inside talent for the show. This is also true of Len Mark and Rod Johnson (my boy, again). All the things that Don has done will not be forgotten. Thanks again, Don Peters.

The main overall comment I have heard on the concert, and the fact that performers from both sides of the wall acted together, was, "More!".

Let's have it, by all means.

rj.

The paratroopers were lined up ready to board the plane for their first jump. "Now remember, Jones," the Sergeant said. "Count to ten and then pull the rip-cord."

"B-b-b-b-but S-s-s-sarge."

"Jones, my boy, just don't forget. Count to ten and pull the cord."

"Y-y-y-yes, S-s-s-s-sarge."

The plane went up and soon the sky was filled with parachutes. The Sergeant was on the ground watching as Jones leaped from the fuselage. Straight down he plunged right into the earth.

The Sergeant dashed over to the man lying on the ground. Holding the dying man in his arms, the Sergeant said to him frantically, "Jonesy, Jonesy, old pal, speak to me. Say something!"

"S-s-s-s-s-s-seven!"

WOMEN

WHO

WAIT



A man's need for woman begins with his conception, continues throughout his life, and extends beyond his death. His mother, wife, daughters and, eventually, his widow are the handful of people who bring him into the world, sustain him in his weakness, and prolong his memory upon the earth.

There is no man separated from his family who does not entertain some anxieties about the fidelity of his wife, or even his sweetheart. He has little fear of losing the affections of his mother, his sisters or his daughters, for they are bound to him by ties of blood. But those attached to him by promise alone he doubts. And this especially applies to men in prison.

Despite the many grounds for divorce open to the wife of a prisoner - in forty-two states, conviction of a felony alone is ample reason for divorce - few take advantage of it. The percentage of wives who wait are greater than those who do not.

And this in itself defies rational analysis. While her husband's commitment to prison may have caused her public embarrassment, made her a case for the social worker and welfare aid, robbed her of years of childbearing, as well as the other felicities of marriage often imposing economic hardships and privation, the prisoner's wife who rejects him for another man is exceptional. She would lose everyone's respect if she did, and she does not want to in the first place.

But it is a lucky man who finds the right woman. There are so many wrong ones to choose from. Just as Becky was impressed when Tom Sawyer walked the fence to win her admiration, so are many women impressed by acts of violence and lawbreaking. She aids and abets the emotionally immature criminal by her admiration and, while he pays for his crimes with years of his life, she remains free to

flit like a butterfly to the next flower.

The wayward impetuous girl is another type. She is the one whose parents don't understand her, who runs away with the first pimply-faced hoodlum who gives her a tumble . . . perhaps stealing her father's car in the bargain. She thinks that if she can only have her man, her worries will be over. What she gets is a boy, more confused than she, who must pay the price when caught. She, of course, will claim she was duped, doped or compelled against her will to go along.

The irresponsible spendthrift who cannot even manage a household budget is probably her husband's worst enemy. For her, it is impossible to keep her refrigerator stocked with food - - her husband's income is too small. She opens charge accounts wherever and whenever possible. She is a crackerjack prize for the door-to-door salesman. She uses the installment plan like foreign aid, until it is larger than the family income.

She passes her bad habits onto her children, encouraging her husband to buy them whatever they want. He is a cashier, a bank teller, a book-keeper or has other responsibilities for handling money and property not belonging to him. He is honest but lacks the will to resist his wife's wastefulness. He just "borrows" a little from the till when no one is looking, and makes up for it by not ringing up the next sale. Or he juggles accounts. In short, he embezzles from his employer a little at a time until he is caught and a tally made. The total usually surprises even him. If he does not commit suicide, he spends his waning years in prison while his wife obtains a divorce and tells her friends: "Why. . . I never would have believed it!"

While every man in a prison cell has given his wife ample grounds for divorce, few take advantage of it. The ones who do were usually on the road to divorce long before they lost their husbands to the gray walls of a penitentiary. Often it is the very effects of his motivation to commit a crime that has threatened his marriage in the first place, not the other way around.

Fortunately for the man, in prison or free, husbands are not as easily attainable as wives. For one thing, the females outnumber the males. For another, marriage is an institution advocated by women and shunned by men. Many women hold the conviction that even a husband in jail is better than no husband at all. He will be out someday and, if she is careful, she needn't entirely do without the felicities of marriage. Sometimes, although not usually, a man will understand her needs and reconcile himself to them, difficult as it might be. But, more often than not, he will not even entertain such an idea and if he comes out of prison and learns of his wife's infidelity, he will divorce her then, even though she has waited for him.

continued on page 22



Sam Says :



First of all, a big fat how-de-do and pleased-t'-meetcha to Randi Villiers. Hey there, Randi!

I Dig:

..... Howard Langdale and Beef or Bouquet. . But - What about the girls who argue among themselves on the programme? "Howard, about that woman who called about garbage disposal, well, *I happen to know that lady*, and she doesn't have any garbage because her family is starving to death." - "Howard, about that person who called about my family starving, well, *I happen to know that woman*, and she wears Army boots." Sheeeesh! . Howard, old buddy, you have nerves of steel. .

..... Ella Fitzgerald. - Winner of the latest polls as the Best Female Singer of the Year. And guess who won the 1937 polls? That's right. Ella. How's that for lasting quality?

..... Pretty little girls with green eyes, called Little Sam. (I had *better!*)

I Don't Dig:

..... Wind blowing through and around loose window frames. Especially when it's blowing down the back of my neck.

..... Hamilton Tiger-Cats. (*Now* I don't dig 'em. I should have thought of that before the Grey Cup Game. I'm *still* broke.)

..... Movie Fan Magazines. (eck!) For instance ; Liz Taylor is a beautiful and talented actress (she really is) but, after all, how many problems can one woman have? All I see is Liz at the Mocambo, at Ciro's, in Las Vegas, at the Copa and all those other big-money places, yet, according to the Gossips and the articles, she's really too sick to be there? I should get so sick.

I Predict:

.... Montreal to beat Toronto for the Stanley Cup.

... If the newly-founded Separatist movement succeeds in removing Quebec from the Dominion of Canada, Harry the Horse La- ?? (I can't even *spell* it!) will be seized by the immigration authorities and deported immediately.

..... Winnipeg Blue Bombers to win the Grey Cup again in '62, backed by the resounding cheers of approximately 36 fans.

I Wonder:

..... If the Conservative government is voted out in the next election, can we keep Davie Fulton ?

..... If Floyd Patterson *ever* fights Sonny Liston, how long will he (Patterson) be in the hospital ?

Now for something a little more serious:

I want you to read this, try and visualize it in your mind, and form an opinion on it. Okay?

A family has recently moved into your neighbourhood. The man is 34 years of age, average height and build, with slightly graying hair. He has taken a position with a local construction firm. His wife is a tiny woman of about 30, with a seemingly bright and cheerful disposition. They have two little girls of eight and ten, who will be enrolling in the district school in the fall. They seem as cheerful and bubbly as all other little girls. The family's furniture is good, but not new, they have a 5 year old car, and are obviously interested in the landscaping around their home.

They have invited you and your family to a housewarming this coming Sunday afternoon, with the intention of becoming better acquainted with you, your children, and several other families in the neighbourhood.

Got the picture? Okay. .

Here is one thing I didn't mention. . . The man was released from the penitentiary ten days ago, where he served a term of three years for Breaking and Entering. It was his *Second* time in the penitentiary.

Kinda changes the picture, doesn't it?

But *does* it ?

Think about it.

Remember Valentine's Day . . . Don't forget to write and tell someone you love them. It does wonders.

See you in the next Echoes.

Sam.

LIFE

Rolly Jonasson

Life, in a way,
Is a humorous thing,
We never know what to do.
We laugh when we should cry,
And cry when we should laugh,
I'm firmly convinced that's true.

There are beautiful things
In life we can see,
A loving wife, a small child's smile.
A star in the night,
Or Joyce Kilmer's tree,
I should think they're worth our while.

There's also this world,
So cold and so hard,
So ready and willing to fight.
We rue over this
And many things more
Almost both day and night.

We should laugh and cry
In this short life of ours,
And so I wonder what's the matter?
Because it seems to me
That pessimists forget the first,
And optimists always the latter.

SPEAKERS' CONTEST

by R. Jonasson and D. Hambleton



An event that caused considerable interest here was a Public Speaking contest held in the Officer's Mess Thursday, February 8th. The Dale Carnegie Alumni of this institution, a group consisting of graduates and students from the past five years, issued a challenge to the Winnipeg Alumni to select three speakers to meet three speakers from our Alumni to participate in a contest to see which Alumni had the right to a trophy which was donated by our Sports Committee.

Present were about 10 outside guests and 40 inmates. Warden F. S. Harris, D/- Warden H. J. Wickey, Asst. D/Warden Belanger and Mr. J. D. Weir, Educational Supervisor, were also present.

A panel of judges, consisting of the Dale Carnegie Instructor, a Winnipeg graduate and another party who had no connection with either Alumni, had the task of selecting the winners. These judges were: Chuck McNaughton, George Jackson and Jack Thomas.

After hearing six very interesting talks, the judges retired to determine the winners and refreshments were served.

Winners were, naturally, the Stony Mountain Alumni. Warden Harris presented the Trophy to the three members of the team, Cliff Orr, Ray Bonny and Guy Ferragne. Individual awards were also presented by Warden Harris and the awards were small Cups. Bob Bochstaef of the Winnipeg Alumni and Ray Bonney and Guy Ferragne of the Stony Mountain Alumni each received one of these.

The Warden told how pleased he was to have been asked to present these trophies and was even more pleased to see that our Alumni came out on top. Remarks on the merit of such a contest were heard also from the D/Warden, the Asst. Deputy Warden, Mr. Alf Gray, Dale Carnegie Sponsor and Bill Struchuck, Chairman of the Winnipeg Alumni.

Rolly Jonasson, Chairman of our Alumni, chaired the meeting, ably assisted by Vice-Chairman Louie L.. We couldn't have asked for a better team.



SPHERIC CONTEMPLATION

Phil Boily

Scene: (A General and a Major making final preparations for their blast off into space. Both men are from the deep south, so the following should be read in a southern accent. A Narrator will fill in the details of the trip, and the feelings of the men as the trip progresses. Remember now; southern accent.)

Narrator: Behold yon Space ... Let us enter into, and watch, and listen to the men who have dedicated their lives for the betterment and advancement of the people of the world. As you can see they are both in deep spheric contemplation and meditation, which is the Twilight zone, or the zone between the zone. Both minds and beings have but one thought. Hush. Sshh. We listen.

General: (loudly) My-self I believe that wimmin is first!

Major: You what?

General: Yes! Yes I do! I believe that wimmin is first 'cause they have always possessed what man has been seeking!

Major: (Leering) Well now; put in that way you may just have some-thin' theah!

General: Yes! Companionship boy, companionship! It's always nice to have a little peanut butter with yo bread. ... I always say that (chuckle.)

Narrator: Heh — heh.

General: Al-right boy! You ready for blast off?

Major: I's cer-tain-lee is.

General: Fine! Fine! Can you count from 10 to 1 backwards?

Major: Not none-o-me man.... I'm specialized .. but I can work it out on the slide rule.

Narrator: All is in preparedness. Wham! The General hits the detonator. With a loud roar of noise (ping!) they rise above, glory, and into the atmosphere. They are travellin' at a speed of 896 billion light years per second... Yes Dear hearts and do you realize that's travellin'? I mean that'd out-drag a chev-ro-ley. Whizzing past ast-ranoids, planatoids, adenoids. He double clutches slowly. (Clutch. Clutch)

General: Hey man, gimmie one-a them dehydrated water pills.

Narrator: ... That'll grab you. It ain't much ... He consumes it and his cup runneth over.

Major: Hey man?

General: Huh?

Major: How fast is we travellin'?

Narrator: Slowly the General turns and glances at the speed-ometer (as serious as one can look at one of them devices) and says...

General: 896 Billion light years per second!

Major: Oh my God!

Narrator: And a voice comes back sayin'....

Voice: Yes?

Well it's all in how you look at it.

HOW TO PRODUCE A JAZZ FESTIVAL IN WINNIPEG

- 1 Choose a site somewhere around one of the Breweries. Say St. Johns park.
- 2 Give out free bottle openers with every program.
- 3 Charge everybody admission—even the performers.
- 4 Hold a discussion some day at 9 a.m. Various prominent critics and musicians can answer the question, "What is Jazz?" Also, the most prominent critics can explain how jazz started in Africa, moved to New Orleans, shifted to Chicago, leaked into New York, and spread to Canada. Dizzie Gillespie could then discuss the possibility that jazz never left Africa in the first place. Gerry Mulligan will then punch Dizzie in the mouth and that will end the discussion.
- 5 Hire various local disc jockeys or Prime Minister Deifenbaker to say, "And like here he is..."
- 6 Plan a premier of some kind for your festival. Like, for the first time CKY radio will have for the first time only, rock and roll music. And of course that real jazz lover Jerry Brite from 'KY saying; "This is the Jerry Brite show swinging to you from 'KY where we play nothing but the coolest of music, and where we eat nothing but hot crazy chicken all night long." There must be nothing but jazz lovers participating, and people who eat, of course.
- 7 Pick a local girl (39-21-39) to be Miss Jazz Festival. If a friendly relationship is enjoyed with the local authorities, have her ride around town stark naked, (except for her sash) on a goat, pulling a red wagon containing Thelonious Monk and Dakota Staton.
- 8 Hire the Kingston Trio. (Alice get away from that wheel barrow! You know you doesn't know nothin' 'bout machinery)
- 9 Practice saying, "I can't understand it."
- 10 Last of all you must have a girl (Alice again) running around saying; "I hate writing letters." 'cause this sounds cool

("Women Who Wait" cont.)

Or, he may decide to play the field and even the "Score," and still remain with his wife. The end result is often the same, he may drive her to the divorce she has waited years to avoid.

And this poses a question: Should a man understand and forgive his wife's unfaithfulness while he is in prison? Or should he demand complete chastity? It is a moral question and with all questions of human morality, there is more than one school of thought.

On one hand, you have the man who has violated the rules of moral conduct by committing a crime, yet demands complete rectitude from his spouse. He believes in the sanctity of marriage but refuses to consider that his breach of conduct was the greater violation because it not only broke the laws of morality, but also the laws of society. He will not acknowledge the fact that by placing a normal married woman in a state of actual celibacy for a long period of time, he has created a problem that only his understanding can solve.

On the other hand, you have the man who realizes the impracticality of the situation and makes allowances for his wife's conduct while he is in prison. He would not ask of her what he could, and would not, do himself. On rare occasions, because of the freedom and understanding he has given her, a wife is able to resist her physical demands until her husband is free again. But this is the exception rather than the rule.

It is a question which can only be answered by the man himself; and a problem to be faced alone. . . by the women who wait.

— — — — —

"Do you solemnly swear before the everlasting God that the testimony you are about to give in this cause shall be the truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"No, I don't. I can tell you what I saw and what I heard, and I'll swear to that by the everliving God, but the more I study about it the more sure that nobody but the everliving God, knows the whole truth, and if you summoned Christ himself as a witness in this case, what He would tell you would burn your insides with the pity and mystery of it."

*carl
sandburg*

RIGHT

ACTION

Johnson Wannop

What have we given the world's people, our brothers, lately ?

This question I have asked myself; — and you should ask it of yourself, too. The answer ? It is elusive and practically non-existent as far as good is concerned.

What prompted this question was two pictures. One, of a savage (if I may use the word savage) listening with serene attention to a recording of a Great Master. The other was of a Japanese who had been touched by the searing heat of radiation from a nuclear blast in his country. His skin along the left shoulder and neck was scarred what looked like wax that had dripped from a burning candle and solidified—only it was skin and tissue which were frozen in perpetual flowing-motion.

On the one hand we have a picture of so-called civilization being brought to the uncivilized. On the other hand we have barbarism and savagery brought to civilization. It would seem that the culture of the civilized nations has been geared to the destruction of the human race, and not the advancement.

But it is up to the individuals rather than the nations to correct this.

As individuals, we seek to gain status by subjecting our fellow man to our will. This breeds contempt, bigotry and prejudice; the qualities which give rise to wars and fighting. Hence, if we individuals have these three qualities in us, we fight one another and, if enough citizens of a country have them, then they fight another race or country.

If this is true of our present way of living, then one can say with a certainty that war is inevitable.

If, on the other hand, we try to further the human race by helping our fellow man to the utmost of our ability, regardless of their nationality or creed, then the process is reversed, so that from the individual helping another individual, to country helping country, we will have peace and prosperity for all, and war will be as a myth.

Since the older people do not seem to wish to live in this manner; it is up to the youth of today, who will be the leaders of tomorrow.



On Capital Punishment:

An Execution Scene

Following are excerpts from the book, "Star Wormwood", by United States Judge Curtis Bok. They describe the execution of a boy named Roger Haike, who was approximately 17 years old:

(Roger asks to see his lawyer again, but is refused. He pours out his torment to the chaplain, when he comes again, but the chaplain only shakes his head mournfully and says that there is nothing he can do.)

He sat on his bed and watched the last daylight he would ever see drain from the sky. When the window was at last dark there was nothing left to take his attention but the black door. He eyed it with increasing fright and suddenly went utterly to pieces. His legs would not support him, and he fell on his bed with dry racking sobs. He would not see light again. The main things in his cell at once became dear to him. He would live with them forever if they would let him stay and be faithful to his chair and table and bed and barred door. He would learn to live with them and love them. He could not think of leaving them and never coming back. The terror rose in his chest.

At about nine o'clock the official executioner tested the generators again. This time Roger sat and shook in abject misery and fear. If only death came unexpectedly. Waiting for a set hour gave the situation an air of hideous formality and deliberation that was torture.

Roger fell into a stupor. The arc of his life was plunging downward. His spirit was already well on its way, and only mind and body remained to withstand the final mechanics of dissolution. His body could not stop trembling. He was so weak that he could barely stand.

At twelve twenty-five they came for him. Well used to the routine, the chaplain rose and held out the cross to Roger, who convulsively grasped it and the chaplain's hand together, less in religious fervor than for support.

The guards fell in beside the boy, hands near his body, but not touching him. He was to walk alone if he could.

He just managed to. His heart was thundering in his chest and he was shaking, as if in fever.

The air was dead and flat, and nothing stirred but Roger's slow, half-creeping march into the room. He had paused on the threshold with a little gasp when he first saw the chair, and the guards had gently urged him forward.

He started, painfully and uncertainly, to lower himself into the chair, but now the guards were swift. They lifted him deep into the seat and adjusted the electrodes at calves and wrists.

Then they fastened a thick belt across his chest and lowered over his head the heavy wired leather mask.

It hid all but the tip of his nose and his lips. He was making efforts to quiet them by biting his tongue, the best that he could do, against his racing mind and heart, to keep control and to sit erect for Morris (his lawyer) to see.

The guards stepped back. The Warden, who stood by with arm raised, lowered his hand. It had taken a minute and thirty-seven seconds.

There was a low whine and a short loud snap, as of huge teeth closing

Roger's head flew back, and his body leaped forward against the confining straps. Almost at once smoke arose from his head and left wrist and was sucked up into the ventilator overhead. The body churned against the bonds, the lips ceased trembling and turned red, then slowly changed to blue. Moisture appeared on the skin and a sizzling noise was audible. The smell of burning flesh grew heavy in the air.

Roger was being broiled.

The current went off with a distinct clap after about two minutes and Roger slumped back in his seat, his head hanging. No one moved. Then came the second jolt and again the body surged against the restraining straps and smoke rose from it. The visible flesh was turkey-red.

Again the current slammed off and this time the doctor stepped forward to listen, but he moved back again and shook his head. Apparently Roger still clung faintly to life.

The third charge struck him, and again the smoking and sizzling and broiling. His flesh was swelling around the straps.

The doctor listened carefully and raised his head.

“I pronounce this man dead,” he said, folding up his stethoscope. It was seven minutes after Roger had been seated in the chair.

The guards came forward and undid the straps. As they lifted off the heavy leather mask the tip of Roger's tongue fell out and the corners of his mouth were visibly bloody. One eye was closed, the other glared forth. One of the guards wheeled out a table, and Roger's body was dumped on it. It was taken for an immediate autopsy, including the modern version of driving a stake through its heart, which was now removed from the body and then replaced and the opening sewed up.

Outside of the walls there was a small cemetery where unclaimed bodies of electrocuted felons were buried. His grave already prepared, Roger was put in it before dawn.

It was there, under a few blowing trees that looked out upon the quiet farms and woodlands, that Roger met the light of the new day.

/ /

Who gave *us* the right to do this to another human being?

God ?

Surely not *our* God

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

An offender must be punished I don't argue about. But to punish and not to restore, that is the greatest of all offenses . . . If a man takes unto himself God's right to punish, then he must also take upon himself God's promise to restore . . .

There's a hard law, that when a deep injury is done us, we never recover until we forgive

Alan Paton

FROM THE NET OUT



with Ron Miller

An ideal Fall, and much preparation on the Rink, and Equipment by the fellows in the Sports shack was the big factor in the 1961-1962 Hockey season getting off to a good start. The boys, namely Larry, Ozie, John, Pete, Billie, Tinny, and many others who have not only spent all their working hours, but much of their spare time ensuring that the Hockey Players could have ideal ice, and the best of equipment possible. Much of the success enjoyed in our Hockey Program to date must be attributed to the continuous effort of the fellows mentioned above.

As each new Hockey Season rolls around, so does the appointing of a new Hockey Commissioner. This year seems to be a lucky one in all respects, as we drew a one-two punch in Joe Houle, and Jack Stevens as his Assistant. Joe, who this year has decided to retire from the Blue Line Brigade of last years Champion "Raiders" to take the reins. He maintains he has other interests besides chasing a puck around. We are convinced, however, that not only age (?) but that middle age spread he developed after the Ball Season is the Big Reason. Jack, besides his new duties as Assistant Commissioner will once again be directing the destinies of the "All Stars" against visiting Clubs.

"A" League this year has four Clubs battling for the (Coveted) Silverware. Three Institution Teams, and the returning District Champion "Stony Mountain Village".

Two new faces on the Coaching Staff of the "A" Leaguers are Frank Perrault directing operations for the Canadiens, and Big Jim McCullough at the helm of the Bruins. Returning for another crack at all the marbles is Mike (Personality) Fika tutoring the Hawks. These three know their business, and it becomes more evident to Yours truly, that HOCKEY IS THEIR BUSINESS.

"B" League has four Teams vieing for Championship Honors. Three "A" League Players are spending their spare time with these Clubs, while at the helm of the fourth Club is one of the stalwarts of Hockey, Dave Keatchie, although not too active in the Sport now, has all the cunning of an old Pro.

Jim McCooeye is looking after the Rangers, Joe Hayden the Terriers, and myself with the Raiders. Keatchies Team, by the way, has the appropriate name "Warriors".

No Hockey game could ever begin without Timekeepers and Referees. In the Timekeepers Bench this year we have a few of the Best. Don (Ye Olde Editore)

Hambleton has finally been coaxed away from his box stove and not only keeps time, but statistics too. His colleague is none other than Mike (AJAX) Hales.

This brings to mind an incident that occurred at a recent game. I will admit it was rather cold. During the game I happened to take a look at the Timekeeper's bench, and lo and behold, there was Old "Ajax" bundled to the ears in clothes, bouncing and turning back and forth in his Timekeeper's Bench. As a matter of fact, I became so curious as to his actions, that in between periods I asked what he was supposed to be doing. This was his reply "Where have you been? That's the TWIST!" I guess we owe Chubby Checker an apology. I always thought it was the name of a DRINK!

Referees in the past have always had a few headaches in trying to curb the rough stuff. This year, for some reason, the boys are sticking to Hockey. Aside from a few incidents of temper to date, the Fellows in the Striped Jerseys are keeping things well under control.

We haven't the facilities of the N. H. L. in drafting players, but we do rest assured that our recruiting system (magistrates, etc.) will over the course of a year send us some new faces, to fill some of the sweaters left behind by graduating players. Santa has been asked for a lot of different things in his time, but we will settle for a couple of "BUTCH" CRAWLEYS or CLARE PARKERS.

The following are the 'A' League standings. The "B" League standings will be carried in the next issue.

FINAL STANDING A LEAGUE

TEAM	GP	W	L	T	SF	SA	PT
Hawks	12	8	3	1	89	61	19
Canadians	12	7	4	1	62	62	15
Bruins	12	3	7	2	51	69	8

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

NAME	TEAM	G	A	TP
Sinden	Hawks	23	27	50
McCooley	Hawks	26	12	38
L. Hayden	Hawks	14	19	33
Smith	Canadians	15	11	26
Cadotte	Bruins	13	11	24
Smoke	Canadians	12	10	22
Hutchinson	Bruins	16	5	21
Lyons	Canadians	11	9	20
Whitely	Canadians	7	5	12
McGee	Canadians	5	5	10

"MAROONS" VISIT STONY MOUNTAIN

After a delay of several weeks, the highly rated Winnipeg Maroons arrived to give the local fans a look at Winnipeg's finest senior team. All that was said in their favor, both on the air and in the newspapers, was not a lot of propoganda. This collection of hockey players is without a doubt one of the best hockey machines this province has put together in a long, long time. Our only regret is that their full team couldn't come in due to injuries they received in a week-end exhibition series in Saskatchewan.

The first period was a bang-up frame, with the local opposition "the All Stars" coming up with some fine hockey of their own. It wasn't until the 10 minute mark of the opening period that the Maroons split the "Star's" defence and literally blasted one by the prostrate Pete Roski, who had robbed them on at least two previous occasions prior to the goal. The pass pattern and puck control of the Maroons was something that had to be seen to be believed.

The second period saw the Big Red go into high gear, to show what makes them one of the top contending Senior teams now in Canada. Not a wasted stride or stray pass was detected, as they worked as a unit on precision passing. As a rule, each play they started and carried through ended with another goal being added to their already impressive total.

The third stanza saw a few of the Maroons don "All Star" sweaters, and add just that much more color to the locals. Passing that had a tendency to be erratic was now working smoother, and the result was the reward of smashing the goose egg that the Maroons had going for them. If any of these fellows decide to take a vacation in the near future, I know where they could get employment to carry them over the winter. All they have to do is ask. On the whole, the local fans were very much pleased with the way things went, and are looking forward to the "Mighty" Big Red to return for another engagement.

DEER LODGE vs WOODHAVEN

Their names aren't Howe, Bower, Hull, or Richard, but my eyes are not so dim that I can't see a bright future for a few of these young stalwarts who performed before an almost capacity house. Showing finesse of older players these young fellows gave a display of hockey sense not too often found in players of their tender age.

To mention the score would be a crime in itself, but we will venture to say, that although outplayed, and while being held scoreless, Woodhaven showed real sportsmanship in playing the victorious "Lodgers" for a full three periods of hockey.

I never have been noted for picking winners, but for once I think I wouldn't be too far out if I went out on the limb and picked the following for stardom.

The "Lodgers" have in Jim Johnston not only a leader with talent to burn, but the youth and natural ability to go all the way, having himself a life before the glamorous spotlight of hockey fame.

Kerry Skinner, the Woodhaven captain, is another who should go a long way if he is given the proper coaching, as he has already proven he has the ability to advance to a higher calibre of hockey than he is presently playing.

CURLING

R. J. Duncan



The curling got under way on January 7th, although it almost ended for several men as soon as they went outside. I think most of them thought the rink was heated, or something. The only time our curling rink is heated is during the daylight hours, and if the sun happens to be shining, whatever that is.

There have been so many games played during the past month that it will be impossible to mention them all, so we have chosen some of the best (and some of the worst) to review.

First of all, there is something I have to settle with a few guys on a matter of great importance. We have all argued about who is the best curler in the joint, and in a completely unbiased manner, and with absolutely no prejudice towards anyone, I would like to say the following:

I am.

Now that we've got *that* out of the way, we'll get on with the rest of it.

First game of the season was played between Tinny Lahoski and Harry the Horse. Tinny won it easily by a score of 12 - 5, but the men on the Horse's team are not to be blamed for suffering such a humiliating defeat, since the Horse was drunk, as usual, and it is essential that the skip hold the broom in the right place in order to win. (not over the boards in the snowbank, Harry). Aggamaway robbed Ma'lock in their first game, winning on an extra-end, 11 - 10. Art Nabiss was also beaten in a close game, 7 - 6.

The next draw featured our annual Old Timer's Game between Lohoski and Hutcherson. (This was not *real'y* the Old Timer's Game, but we all decided that if there ever *was* one, this was it.) Tinny won this one on the last end, taking advantage of Hutch's poor old schnibb, which was frozen so badly his glasses were sliding down it. Next game was won by Harry the Horse, with the score 6-5. The Horse won it on the last rock. Storry made them measure it three times.

Hutcherson, with his nose a little warmer, won his next one over Robbins 7-5. Art Nabiss continued to win handily by defeating Hewitt 14-3. Funk also continued his wins (3 straight to this date) with a 13-2 win over Reeves.

And Lahoski won again by one point, over Wenzel. Man, I'll tell you, there's nothing you can do with this bunch. They are all too *old* to be accused of being lucky.

Next session, Joe Houle was beaten by one point again. This time Aggamaway did the dirty work, winning 7 - 6. Joe's so lucky, that if it was raining soup, he'd be standing there with a fork in his hand. And the Horse won another, this time over Robbins. 9-1. (Ah, that Lamontagne ; what a curler, what a gentleman, what a nut!) Funk won again, 12 - 2, proving that he has about the hardest team to beat. I mean, what can you do when he brings his own broom, you know?

Lohoski was finally beaten by Art Nabiss; score 6 - 2. Tinny's team will never get over it. Jim London wouldn't talk to me for three days. And Joe Houle finally won a game. He didn't know it, but Willy had been asleep for the past two weeks, and it took a real cold day to wake him up.

Hutcherson won his next game 9 - 5, and Hewitt surprised Aggamaway by defeating him 11 - 8. Harry the Horse beat Dorian 8 - 7, with Ed Jenik and Red playing almost as well as the third, and the Horse (drunk again) at least held the broom in the right place. (I think he was using it to hold himself up)

Now Tinny and his team came charging back after their defeat by Art Nabiss, (I've *got* to say that again) to beat Funk 11 - 3 (How does *anybody* beat Funk 11 - 3 ?) I don't know what Tinny would do without Gordie Unrow. A Fine Player. (There's a bale for me next canteen) Joe Houle lost again. This time to the Horse. (Sooner or later, *everybody* loses to the Horse). And Art Nabiss ran away with another game, 14-8.

Preparations are being made now for the annual Bonspiel which we hope to get under way soon, weather permitting.

Rare Sights on the Rinks . .

The look on Jim London's face when he misses.

Everyone's gentlemanly attitude on the rink (except at such times when your rock is coming into the house, and there is a good deal of somewhat rude mumbling going on behind you. I don't know what they say, but I do know what *I* say, and I hope they don't hear *me*).

Every time I go down the ice sweeping, I hear feet coming stompity - stomp behind me. I think this is someone coming down to help me sweep, but, then Ed goes running by to shake hands with the Horse (after *every* rock yet!). Ed, you shake hands with your opponents after the game, not with each other after every shot.

The Horse, screaming, "C'mon, Dunc, Sweep it. *Sweep it! SWEEP IT!!* Just a few more feet!" And there I go, eyes glazed, bathed in sweat, heart pumping, straws flying. Then I take peek over my shoulder, and the rock is 15 feet from the hack line, and couldn't make it with a cop on its tail.

Jake McLean, ths Pride of Winnipeg and Scourge of the British-American Oil Company, blowing a 10 - 4 lead, and losing 11 - 10 .

THE EDITOR REMARKS

In this day and age, power seems to be man's main ambition. More emphasis is put on the building of weapons to gain this power through the threat of destruction, than there is on bringing peace and happiness to the peoples of the world. In fact, the only peace we can ever hope for under the present conditions, is the peace after death. The final outcome will most certainly be the total annihilation of all mankind. Not much to look forward to, is it? Let us hope and pray then, that before this happens, man's ambition for power will wane and he will use the resources he has towards building a better world for all.

"Man's greatest achievement will be surviving civilization." *Bertrand Russell.*

With this issue, a new staff has begun their duties. Here is a rundown on them as I see them:

The new Associate Editor, Ron Duncan, is from the east, the city of Kingston, Ontario. A musician, curler, writer, etc., Ron is a jovial, hard working (?) fellow. There is not much more that I can say about him as I am only a wee fellow while he stands around six feet three.

Gene Hutchinson, artist, hockey star, basketball player and comic, has taken over the Pressman's job. Silent Gene comes from some little hamlet called Flin Flon, (never heard of it) which he says is in Northern Manitoba. There is never a dull moment with him around.

The newest member of our staff is Rolly Jonasson. He is a mixed-up easterner who came out west to try and get straightened out. Rolly is our Head Compositor; the only one too. A student of the Dale Carnegie Course, he is the President of our Alumni. Look for some of his writings in future issues. (By the way, with him here I can now say I am not the smallest man on the staff.)

CORRECTION: - In our Christmas issue, an article titled "The Missing Flame" was reprinted and credit given to the Atlantian. This should have been credited to the NEW ERA, My apologies to the Editors of this fine magazine for this error and I hope it will not happen again. ED.

"night watch"

the measured tread-
 of a watchful guard-
the muted jingle-
 of keys-
the guarded clang-
 of a closing door-
an overall rustle-
 from tier to tier-
 of-
 restless-turning-bodies-
a-
 gradual-
 deepening-
 silence-
a-
 smothered-
 cough-
an-
 anquished-
 incoherent-
 murmuring-
the flaming arc-
 of a discarded cigarette-
a-
 tremulous-
 sigh-
the sonorous snores-
 of a carefree soul-
and-
the infinite-
 lonely-
 night-

— *russell smith*

